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No. IX.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale University.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSIS
Cantabunt SOBOLES, unanimique PATRES."

JUNE, 1895.

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THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.—Conducted by the Students of Yale University. This Magazine established February, 1836, is the oldest college periodical in America; entering upon its Sixtieth Volume with the number for October, 1894. It is published by a board of Editors, annually chosen from each successive Senior Class. It thus may be fairly said to represent in its general articles the average literary culture of the university. In the Notabilia college topics are thoroughly discussed, and in the Memorabilia it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of college life; while in the Book Notices and Editors' Table, contemporary publications and exchanges receive careful attention.

Contributions to its pages are earnestly solicited from students of all departments, and may be sent through the Post Office. They are due the 1st of the month. If rejected, they will be returned to their writers, whose names will not be known outside the Editorial Board. A Gold Medal of the value of Twenty-five Dollars, for the best written Essay, is offered for the competition of all undergraduate subscribers, at the beginning of each academic year.

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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. LX.

JUNE, 1895.

No. 9

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '96.

MAITLAND GRIGGS.

GEORGE HENRY NETTLETON.

EDWIN SIDNEY OVIATT.

PHILIP CURRAN PECK.

CHAUNCEY WETMORE WELLS.

TWO ON A CLIFF.

Touching the time of day does the hour satisfy us? We, broken like a reed in the meadow by the weight of a bumblebee, cry for what we cannot get. Rain of a summer's day and sun in winter. A note, of an autumn evening expressing in fashion the grasping of bubbles that break i' the hand. Of such is what follows.

DOWN on the beach the boats were just coming in. A few people were laughing gayly, the tones coming up to the cliff above with the faraway mellowness peculiar to an autumn evening. The last lingering tints of the sunset were stealing away in the gold of the sunbanks near the horizon. In the dusk of the distance the summer cottages were fading indistinct, and the people on the piers could hardly be distinguished from one another. The water lapped gently on the shore with the lute-like music that it has, playing to the harp of the forests, where the breeze steals. A man and a girl were coming along the edge of the cliff, stopping to point out objects in the scene.

Anyone who has read thus far can tell that this is going to be a very sentimental story.

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They seemed to be silent for a time. The girl dropping one by one the petals of the flower in her hand, the man walking at her side, with his head bent, his cane swinging. They stopped at a seat that overlooked the beach, and the man laid down the wrap he was carrying. From below they could hear voices singing, and the splash of an oar in the water.

The man lay on the grass some distance from her, holding his cap in his hand.

"Mr. Mental," she said.

"Yes."

"We have known each other but a very short while,— I am in the habit of thinking very seriously about a thing before I enter into it, and most of all would I be extremely careful before I said I truly loved a man. I want to be quite sure that you are decided upon this before I can answer you."

Mental turned on his elbow and looked straight up into her eyes. It was a little habit of his, and he did not do it to make her uncomfortable in the scrutiny. He could see the soul quiver and leap in the depths he would tell you, and it is very true that the heart beats up into twinkles of thought through the eyelids. There was a kindling glow in her's that answered to his own, and he smiled quietly before he answered.

"There is no question about that, Edith."

"I am glad to hear you say that, Mr. Mental, because the thing I dread most in my life is a too speedy engagement. I have known people who have had their lives ruined by a thoughtless, foolish mistake at the beginning,—a mistake which they never would have made, had they thought for a single moment."

"There can be no mistake about us, Edith," said Mental. "I have seen a great many people in my life. I have traveled. I have known a great many women. I have seen the world quite thoroughly. I hope I do not underrate its seriousness."

"But there might be circumstances, things that neither of us could help that would come in to trouble us."

"No, I cannot believe so. You could not name a condition that would make me care for you less."

"You think so now, but when the time came to have it tried—"

"There can no such time come. I hope I am not such a self-centered brute as to think my half the most important."

"I do not know. I know that no one understands himself or those he loves, truly, until he has conquered all that is selfish in him."

"When I marry I shall thoroughly efface myself—it has always been my ideal—to have no thoughts or desires but what shall belong to the one I love. It may sound silly, doubtless it does, doubtless Mr. Lawton, your father, would brand me an idiot,—but I shall live only for the one I marry, I shall be only what she wishes." He rose and came close up to her as he spoke. She did not take the hand that was stretched up to her, though her eyes were soft in the twilight. She looked down to the beach.

"No," she said meditatively, "it doesn't sound silly." Her hands were folded on her knees, dangling the daisy piteously. "But there might be a case."

"There can be no case, Edith. I pray you not to say any more on this—it can do no good.—I feel that I love you, as I have said,—that I love you deeply and truly, and that nothing—nothing can come in to make us miserable."

He took her hand gently between his own. She drew it away after a moment.

"Suppose the two people who were engaged had really loved before—what then?"

"What difference could that make—?"

"But suppose they had?"

"I myself have loved, in a way, before this," he said, looking up at her.

She was silent a moment.

"And I, too, have had my love." Her hands clasped nervously at the confession, though her eyes were half closed, as if she were far away.

Menthal started half articulate, and looked at her questioningly. He forgot his own case in the bare mention of the fact that this girl had loved, and he felt indignant, as if she had insulted him. He tossed aside the thought that she could as justly be averse to him, in the contemplation of what she had confessed. He coughed uneasily and shifted in his position, facing around from her, and looking out across the bay. It seemed to this man, so enthralled in himself and in his own feelings, that this young girl had no right to love anyone but himself, as if she had forfeited all that he was ready to give her in his own magnanimity of spirit. So ready are we all to throw aside in pettishness what are our real treasures, in the conjuring of fancied injuries.

The young girl's cheeks were red with rising color, and her fingers twitched as she tried to calm herself. She did not notice the man at her side with his selfishness. She was thinking of that former time when she had been happy, very happy, more so than she ever could be now. She turned to him at last with beseeching in her eyes. He looked up and she saw his lips were quivering with the pain.

"It is very hard for me to tell you this," she said; "since mother died I have never wished to speak of it to anyone. I would not to you, now, if I did not think it were right for me to do so." She stopped and turned her face away from him. He was looking up at her quietly and he rapped on his foot lightly with his cane as she spoke.

"It was half a dozen years ago, and it was in this place, where we always came for the summer, father and mother and I. This is the first summer since then that I have been here." She looked down at the stem in her hand and was silent a moment.

"It is very painful for me to speak of this," she said after a moment, and with an effort. "I met Mr. Kimball here the year before, but did not become very well acquainted with him until the summer that I speak of. He was an artist, I believe he drew for Scribner's, at any rate he was in the habit of spending a few weeks of the

summer here, and did a good deal of drawing while he was with us. You will not be interested to know how we met, or how we immediately became friends, or how quickly that ripened into intimacy." She twisted the stem around her fingers. "I can only say," she continued, "that it was the second summer that we fell in love with each other, and that I promised to marry him. We used to sit in this very place, and I would have my work, and he would sketch, and we would discuss the merits of the stories he was illustrating, and I used to criticise his drawings. No! please listen to me, Mr. Mental. . . . Our plans were all made, we were to have been married in the year, and to have taken a little flat near his office, and mother was to have furnished it while we were away in Europe." Her voice was a little hard here. She broke the flower stem in two and threw a piece on the ground. Mental watched it moodily.

"In the midst of our planning, and the congratulations consequent to our engagement at the hotel, Mr. Kimball had a sudden order for a southern trip, to do some work for a story of Mr. Stockton's. The evening before he went we came up here, and we had just such a conversation as you and I have had to-night, and when he went away we were both very happy, for we thought there could be no possibility of a change in our relations. You cannot wonder that I have been very serious to-night,—can you, Mr. Mental?"

Mental pulled his cap down over his eyes and made no answer. The young girl went on with a little sigh.

"He went the very next morning. I saw him go on the stage to the station, and the last look was a wave of the hand that left me satisfied. I have not seen him since, not even to this day, although I often see his drawings in the papers. I always look for them, but I think his style is different. It is not so brilliant and dashing as it was when I once knew him. There is little poetry in it, but perhaps the matter is with me. After he went I received a letter every day for weeks, and then there came a pause,—and finally after repeated writings on my part, all my later

letters came back unopened, and with them a tawdry little note in my morning mail. I do not think that Mr. Kimball was to blame. He was never unkind to me. Mr. Kimball himself sent me a note a little later but I had not the heart to answer it."

She stopped here and looked at Mr. Menthal quietly. He was half risen from the ground, and his eyes were fixed on the bay, where the lamps glimmered. He rose with an effort and went down to the edge of the cliff, sticking his cane into the loose stones and moss at his feet. Then he came back to where she sat, his cap hanging awkwardly in his hand.

"I am very much obliged to you for your story," he said stiffly. "I assure you I value the confidence, granting it was done, 'under the circumstances,' as you have said."

She looked at him silently. She did not know what he meant by this strange stiffness; this sudden reserve, or whether he meant it at all, but could not help it, as is the way with men when they are hurt in their pride, and heartsick. It was so different from his usual manner, and it is hard to tell why he did it, or why he should feel that way at all, only he did, and had to, and this story, as I have said, is very sentimental. She rose and stood beside him.

"You are not displeased with me for telling you"—she said.

He tossed the stem she had dropped over the cliff with his cane, and turned uneasily.

"Are you?"

"Most certainly not—it was perfectly right." He said this with a conscious effort, and his mouth was tight closed. Against his will every fibre in his body seemed to stretch and tighten, his nerves became rigid, his voice harsh, and strained, and cold in spite of himself.

"I think you are," she said, looking up at him sadly. She wondered what all his fine talk meant now, or whether it had meant anything at all, at any time.

"No, I am not displeased," he said suddenly and with and effort at gayety. "But we had better let it go at this

—it's getting cold up here—let us go back to the hotel.” He laughed unnaturally as he spoke, and struck at the grass with his cane.

The girl stood still a moment. She could not understand his feelings, she could not look at it from his standpoint. She had loved once, but she was free now, and why had not she a right to demand her right from him. Because he, too, had confessed the same. She knew that her love had been a good, and a pure one, and he knew that. She did not know about his, and he would not have been able to tell her, had she asked. But she did not understand that. That is the way with men and women. They stood a moment longer. She waiting for him to speak, he, with his back towards her, grinding down his love and trampling on her entreaty.

Then she took her wrap from his arm and stepped away a little.

“I think—I will go down now, Joe,”—she said, with a sob. “I suppose you will be at the dance to-night, it is commencing now,—and that I shall see you there.”

He let her go a few steps further. Then he turned towards her, half fiercely.

“No, Miss Lawton, I think not I think I will return to the city to-morrow morning, I have a few business matters to which I must attend, which may take me a week.”

“And then—”

“I do not know. I do not think I can return. I shall be very busy this fall.” And the poor misguided fool looked up at her with what he considered the pride of injured rectitude. But she did not look back at him at all. It was farce put on as tragedy. And how many hearts bleed behind the masks of comic playing, and how many eyes laughing in the boxes know aught of the anguish in the voice that brings the tears of laughter.

“Then I must say good-night—”

“Good-night.”

He saw her moving slowly down the path, and disappear behind a bend in the cliff. Below, voices rose

laughing on the water. From the distant pier came faint sounds of singing floating upwards toward him. He thought he could hear the band in the distant hotel. Lights were twinkling out from all the summer cottages. He threw himself down on the grass where he had lain before, and looked down on the peaceful scene before him. Strains of a guitar came up to him from a passing row boat. He struck the grass angrily with his cane as he heard it. He lay there until he saw a light that he knew in a window of the hotel, and then he rose. He drew a cigarette from his pocket and rolled it in his fingers. Then he struck a match at the head of his cane and lit it. From this meagre consolation he drew a little comfort.

Edwin Sidney Oviatt.



MARGARET.

When she came to us, all this earth
Seemed steeped in Springtime bliss,
May donned a garb of flowers and mirth,
And April left a sunny kiss
To greet her, when she came.

The flowers seemed fairer where she walked,
And when the song birds heard
Her rippling laughter, light as air,
They sang sweet songs, that ne'er had stirred
Our hearts until she came.

Her speech was music, and her heart
Was pure as morning dew ;
Her very footfall on the stair
Made melody. We never knew
Such peace until she came.

Charles Edward Thomas.

BACK TO THE OLD ROAD.

NORTON sat alone in the smoking compartment of the sleeper. It was winter and travel was light. Above, the little cluster of "electrics," the pride of the service, shone brightly and increased the palatial air of polished wood work and blue plush that were scarcely in harmony with the rough appearance of the man. Not that he was shabby, but rather crudely well-dressed in a ready-made black suit with new shoes and cravat that suggested the window of a third-rate clothing store. The face was square and dull and the big hands with their roughened fingers appeared ridiculous outside the shiny cuffs.

As the train lurched around a curve, Norton pressed his face against the window. Yes, that was the canal at the bottom of the embankment and they would cross Pine River in a moment. From there it was only an hour's run to Stateville. He knew the road well. A man naturally would who had "braked" over it for years on the top of freight trains. As he leaned back and lighted a cigar which was rather ragged from a long sojourn in his vest pocket, a fair-haired young man in the neat blue of a Pullman employé entered the compartment and clapped him on the shoulder.

"Fred Norton as I'm alive!" he exclaimed, "where have you been keeping yourself?"

Norton looked up doubtfully a moment and then jumped to his feet.

"Why, Tony, I didn't know you!" he cried heartily, "not in this rig," and he ran an admiring eye over the immaculate uniform and shiny brass buttons. Nor did the patent leather cap with its "sleeping car conductor" escape him.

"Heelin' Pullman, is it?" he asked. "Well, that is a big swap for baggage smasher! How'd you get the change?"

"Oh, influence," replied Tony indefinitely as he seated himself. "But tell me, Norton, where have you been for

the last two years? In Chicago? Well, that was a pretty good thing to do after your break here at Stateville. I heard about it in Northfield. The Central people always did bounce for a drunk. Without recommendations either."

"I don't like to talk about the time when I was a fool, Tony," said Norton, "leastwise not after I've been keepin' steady. I've turned over a new leaf and haven't touched a drop. But I've quit the shops and want to get on the road again. Do you think there's a chance?"

"If you want a snap," and Tony leaned over and spoke in a whisper, "you'll work for the Pullmans, like me. Good clothes, clean work"—

"And no pay," put in Norton, "I know them Pullmans."

"That's where you fool yourself. Now look here. We don't get any salary to speak of, I know, but we beat them at their own game. How? Just jollyng the fares. I made double wages last week. Can't give you any more 'less you're in the game, but its paying, I say, and that goes. Just think it over."

"It seems easy," remarked Norton and then was silent.

"I've got to go now," said Tony after a little. "We don't stop at Stateville, but I'll tell Mike, he'll slow up for you to-night. See you later," and he hurried out into the vestibule in his usual jaunty way.

"Say, Norton," he called back, "don't drop anything I told you, in Stateville. There are some that wouldn't see things the same way. We have to go in for the pious when we stop off there. Don't chew nor smoke any more since the revival. She—they don't think it's right."

Norton twisted the cigar around musingly. Tony Dressel was a good chap and there was a time when he would have laughed at his game of beating the company, but now he almost despised him. Ever since that black pay day at Stateville, where he had drunk heavily all the evening and then gone to sleep in the caboose instead of being at the brakes and the freight had collided, there had been a change in his life. As Tony had said, the

Central road "bounced" men for drunkenness and Norton had gone to Chicago with no one regretting it save Mat. How she did rage when he came into the telegraph office to tell her! It had been hard to soothe her and harder still to insist on the agreement that she would not write him. But he was determined, for he feared she would suffer if it were known they corresponded. For two years they were to go about their work separately, and after that he would return and then—well, Norton had his eye on a certain snug little house somewhere. He was coming back now, happy in the consciousness of having kept "steady" in the face of strong temptation for two years, for he had been working with a strong purpose in mind and the dollars laid up for Mat were honest ones. So, Tony's tricks were not amusing.

The long whistle for the East Stateville crossing roused Norton from the reverie, and taking down the overcoat he dragged the grip from the corner and then gazed anxiously out at the lights glimmering in the distant houses of the town. In a moment the bell rope shook above his head and at the two answering blasts from the locomotive he was on the steps.

The cars clattered by the line of freights on the siding, past the gloomy round-house and rolled slowly along the station platform. Norton leaped off, waved his hand to the man with the lantern and the heavy train, after a few snorts of the locomotive, gathered headway and disappeared down the track. The rear lights were lost around a curve and gradually the rumble grew fainter till it ceased altogether. It was very still at the station and quite dark except for the window of the telegraph office which threw a bright square of light on the rough boards of the platform and left the outlines of the small "Queene Anne" station doubtful and indistinct. Norton's heart leaped as he looked on the bright shade and the shadow that moved across it. Could it be that Mat was in there to-night? He had scarcely hoped to find her at the station and yet it seemed most natural, for that was where they had parted and he had always associated her and the

office together in his mind. A cold wind swept the platform and he turned his coat collar about his neck and put down the grip irresolutely. As he did so his eyes wandered across the tracks to the lights in Meyer's saloon and the lines around his mouth hardened. The revival had not affected Meyer. However, another glance at the window, and a certain familiar movement of the shadow reassured him, so that he walked hurriedly toward the door of the "Gent's Waiting Room," nearly stumbling over a truck on which were curled several individuals apparently asleep. But one of them stirred as the man passed.

The waiting room was dark, but Norton knew well the way to the little door of the telegraph office through the cracks of which the light shone. It was unlocked, but throwing it open without hesitation he stepped inside. As the knob turned, the girl at the table started up with a cry of fear on her lips.

"Don't be afraid, Mat. It's me. I've come back." He dropped his grip and started toward her with outstretched arms, his usually stolid face lit up with joy.

"Fred Norton!" gasped the girl, and then, "Wait, I'm sending."

She seated herself at the instrument and it clicked briskly for a moment. Norton smiled at this characteristic trait of Mat's. Business first, at all times, no matter what might be second. But as he looked at her more attentively the smile vanished and a vague feeling of uneasiness came over him. This was not wild, impetuous Mat with the bright daring eyes and the tumbled masses of hair. That was what he loved. The girl was too neat to be she. He had caught but a fleeting glimpse of the eyes, but there was a lack-lustre look in them, and now as he studied the smooth head with the prim shell comb and the white apron strings tied in a correct knot at the waist, he felt as though Mat, his Mat, were far away. Still the clicking continued, and his glance wandered over the familiar walls of the little ticket office. There were the same fashion prints from the "Ladies' Bazaar," and the

circus posters; all a trifle yellower and more fly-specked. The same high stool at the desk, where he had often caught Mat as she was writing in the big express book. And the plants in the window too, that peeped over her bent head; they seemed to have been trimmed too much to bloom well. In the corner was the little old stove that—

But just then the instrument was silent, and the girl, rising abruptly, pushed aside the chair and faced him with her hands back of her on the table.

"I know what you've come for, Mr. Norton. I've been expecting you."

A chill struck Norton's heart.

"And I want to tell you now," she continued almost defiantly, "I ain't the girl I was when you went away. I know you'll say I've gone back on you, but it's for your good as well as mine I'm talking. I was wild then and I thought you was about right, but things are different now. I can't look at your actions as I used to. I've got to have a steadier man to steady me and I think you'd better"—

"Look here, Mat," broke in Norton savagely, "what's the matter with you anyway? You ain't let any revival business come 'tween me and you, have you? Why, I don't know what you mean. My action—weren't you the only one of all who stood by me? Oh, shake this, Mat," he took a step forward, "Shake it, I say and come with me. If you knew what I'd been doin' these two years, keepin' straight as a string and layin' by money just for you, all for you, Mat, you'd believe."

He paused and caught his breath sharply.

"I can't help it, Mr. Norton," answered the girl. "I'm sorry, awfully sorry, but I've got to live the way I think's right. I need a steadier man and—and," she faltered for once, and looked away and then straight at him, "I'm married. You know Tony Dressel? I'm his wife."

Norton's face grew pale and he reached out for the stool to steady himself. For a moment no words came and he passed his hand nervously over his eyes.

"Do you mean you married Tony Dressel?" he began, and then almost in a shriek—"Why, he's a, he's a"—Norton checked himself with an effort, "a conductor on the Central now, isn't he?" The last words were scarcely audible.

"You must have seen the papers," began the girl, but Norton did not hear her.

"Sort of a throw down, ain't it?" he said half to himself as he groped blindly for his grip. "Comes hard, I wasn't lookin' for it. Like to get a warning 'fore things like them strike. Makes a fellow dizzy." He smiled foolishly as he pulled at his coat collar. "Hope you'll like the change, Mat. Excuse me callin' you Mat, I forgot. It's too bad, ain't it? So long."

He closed the door softly behind him and stumbled into the waiting room.

It was about five minutes later that one of the rounders on the truck saw the door of the station open and the man come out again. He watched him go to the train-board and scratch a match illuminating a set face and shining eyes which were closely scanning the chalked bulletin. "Going West. No. 17. On time."

"An hour to wait" muttered the man and started across the tracks toward Meyer's.

"That message must ha' made him thirsty," remarked the man on the truck to himself as he sought an easier position.

Charles B. De Camp.

THACKERAY IN MR. BROWN'S LETTERS.

THACKERAY'S true nature is nowhere so well revealed as in the letters he wrote under the name of Mr. Brown. His other works mask his personality in a veil of cynicism, and whether he is pathetic or ennobling in his teaching he can never forget that strain of satire with which he so effectually removes the stiffening from the conceits of life. In Mr. Brown, Thackeray portrays himself and his peculiarities; he represents a retired English gentleman writing with sweet simplicity to his nephew in the city. Mr. Brown belongs to the old school of courtesy without being a prude; there is not the least trace of the cynic in him, he is like many other kindly old gentlemen who have retired from the activities of society and are watching the amusements of a younger generation with quiet satisfaction.

Mr. Brown's ideas about wines would not form a suitable basis for a temperance lecture, for he considers them the source of much conviviality and legitimate pleasure so long as you confine yourself to the first stages of exhilaration, but just what the first stages are he leaves to individual discretion. Whatever question he is discussing he looks for the practical side though frequently his impulses prejudice his judgment. It gave him secret delight when in town to put on his best clothes and walk with the young swells of the time; good tailoring appealed to him with a peculiar fascination and often to the great inconvenience of his purse.

Mr. Brown has a laudable esteem for women; he estimates men by this peculiar formula—"No man is worth a fig who does not like the society of modest and well-bred women." For him there is only one category under which women can be placed and all that are not pure, unassuming and lovable, belong to another species which he calls "wench." "Bob," he writes, "there is no use to chuck a still room-maid under the chin for amusement, for I think there is a fair number of good women in the

world." He had had his love affairs and confesses to them with almost childish simplicity. "For you know," he remarks, "I loved Emily's little finger more than the whole hand which your aunt Martha gave me;" and his was a sweet fatalistic love that says "A man falls in love because it is fate."

He speaks of society with the easy intimacy of an experienced beau but in a charmingly old-fashioned way. His speculation on what his conduct would be at a modern ball is extremely amusing. He would pass among the ladies continually bowing and scraping with extravagant politeness; he would ask one for an old waltz and another for a long-forgotten quadrille, but both of them would smile at the mention of such quaint dances and leave him for a younger man. Then he would stand by the wall and think how things had changed—how simple they used to be.

Mr. Brown calls to mind the picture of an old man dancing his youngest grandson on his knee before the fire; from time to time he glances at the sweet young lady, his grand-daughter, sitting opposite, or smiles at the airs of the eldest son. There is no bickering when he is present and he always responds to the family fun with his pleased "tut—tut."

This is the picture Thackeray paints of himself in "Mr. Brown's Letters," a plain, old-fashioned lovable gentleman.

F. Tilney.

ELLEN TERRY.

LAWRENCE BARRETT, speaking of the actor's art, uses for an illustration Michael Angelo's work upon a snow figure. It was done to please a friend, and that great artist exercised as much care and skill in his execution as upon any marble statue. When the snow melted, the beauty of the figure remained only in the minds of the few who saw it. So the actor's artistic labor and master touches vanish, and men of a later day must learn to admire them for what they seemed to others.

It was fame enough for Sir Joshua Reynolds, as he thought, to go down to posterity with his name inscribed on the hem of Mrs. Siddon's garment. And to-day there is the same kind of fame in store for the critics and artists who will do for Ellen Terry what their masters have done for that beautiful actress of an earlier generation. But for us, Ellen Terry's charm is present and real. We admire her not so much for her beauty, but rather for the high artistic work, which we ourselves can see and feel; realizing that fulfilled in her are the traditions of Siddons, Jordan, and those earlier stage idols, over whose memory floats a halo of highly colored anecdotes and praises of adoring critics.

Ellen Terry is by very nature an actress. From her childhood to the present day, with the loss of only a few years, she has moved great audiences on both sides of the ocean. The first time we find her upon the stage, she is but six years old; and five years later she is in King John acting the part of Arthur. Those who saw her grasp the powerful arm of Hubert, and look up into his hard, determined face, pleading with that unaffected pathos "Oh spare mine eyes," have never lost its deep impression and Arthur to them is always this child actress.

But to pass over a second period where she was obliged to take minor parts in plays of indifferent merit, it is more interesting to follow her as she assumes the roles she is playing to-day.

Will ever a Queen Catherine adorn Shakespeare's "Henry the Eighth" as Ellen Terry does? The moment she took up this role, the Queen became a noble and beautiful woman, possessing all the qualities that could have stayed a Henry's waning affection. But the gentle dignity with which she invests the character, reminds the audience that she is the daughter of a king as well as a king's wife. Every movement, every gesture and accent have their force, and where all has been but woman and her love, there is now the Queen, her dignity and her strength. Dear to us for what she is, and what she suffers; in Ellen Terry's interpretation she becomes dearer for the way in which she suffers it. From the very beginning she surrounds her part with an atmosphere of exceeding graciousness and kindness—loving and lovable to the end—and embodies Queen Catherine with a sincerity as deep and strong as that rushing stream of Fate to which she soon succumbs.

As the actress attempts one role after another, each with its new difficulties, before which she never hesitates, all must be catalogued together, as a vast series of triumphs. Her Olivia is masterly, but surpassed by her Pauline, and as for that most difficult of parts, Cordelia,—it is a thing of absolute loveliness. Her Ophelia, too, with its purity and sweet sadness, is, like each of the others, perfectly understood, and carefully worked out in the light of nature. This truth to nature, in the dramatic sense, is used wholly of the effect produced. So when we speak of a natural piece of acting, it is to say that the actor's method is artificial, but the effect natural. Ellen Terry, with all great actors early learned this truth, and to render the best service to nature and ideal beauty, she has poured not only her whole artist soul and much poetic spirit, but endless study into the creation of these characters.

But no matter how many parts the people have seen her play, if there is one to stand out before all others, it is Portia. Ellen Terry has made Portia. She has done more for the character than Shakespeare could ever have

imagined for it, and as much as Henry Irving ever did for Shylock.

When, with a barely audible "By my troth," she stands smiling and waiting for her admirers to cease their plaudits, we are already impatient for her next words. Then she announces that she is "a-weary of this great world" in a tone that says "It's a good old world after all—even with its troublesome suitors." And before the curtain falls upon the last act, her audience are ready to believe anything of that kind she wishes to tell them.

Since Ellen Terry entered the casket scene, nobody has called its action slow. There is little for her to say and still less for her to do, but her natural girlish simplicity "moves us more than eloquence" and there is nothing but pity for Morocco and Arragon that they must lose such a Portia. With the action of the early part enlivened, the piece is finally brought to the point where the roads of tragedy and comedy meet. See how skillfully she plays the guide. Shakespeare's critics must see Ellen Terry's interpretation before they say that Portia here becomes too masculine, too pedantic and over-proud of her brains. Let them watch her as she stands there in the court-room clad in her scarlet cap and gown and in that musical contralto voice, so distinctively hers, tells Shylock that "The quality of mercy is not strained." Few actresses have ever read those lines like Ellen Terry. It is all woman behind that cloak; nor does she once over-step the bounds—so easy for the actress in this scene.

How simply and naturally she now makes the transition from the woman to the girl again. Her seriousness is gone and not for a moment does she replace it with that pride in her achievement, which a masculine, pedantic, Portia would have shown. Nowhere can this quality be traced in the bright simplicity of Ellen Terry's Portia,—the girl who loved and was only happy that she had helped her lover's friend. She is all vivacity, archness and humor, and is relying, not upon her beauty,—a strong kind of beauty—but upon a store of wonderful inventiveness and skill. Delicately has she shown the gradual

changes of character, that grow out of experience; and slurring over nothing, has gone to the very depth, breadth and height of her subject, drawing from it all its beauty and its full meaning.

This Portia is a revelation. It shows Ellen Terry the thorough actress; an artist who cares more for her art than for praises of its admirers. Above all, she is refined; possessing unfailing instincts of taste, and having at her command those resources by which she preserves the honor of her calling, and points out the high position it may attain.

Maitland Griggs.

IN CHILD DAYS.

Drowsily the willows swing
O'er the summer pool,
Down the field the children turning
Gaily out from school,
Leave one heart with pensive yearning—
Brown-eyed, musing boy is he,
Hastening to the trysting-tree.

Breezes toss the tangled curls
Stealing down the lane.
Blue-eyed lass goes lightly dancing
Where the wood-nymphs reign.
Is there greeting-kiss—Ah, me—
I know not—only wood-nymphs see.

Sing the golden king-cups gathered,
Sing the hour's long dream;
Sing the willows swinging, swinging
O'er the sleepy stream.
Who can tell what child-loves be?
Love knows many a trysting-tree.

Robert L. Munger.

IN THE VILLAGE OF X.

MISS HESTER KIMBALL rocked gently to and fro in a high-backed chair to the click of her knitting needles. Through the half-opened shutter a beam of sunlight danced its golden pathway down the sitting-room carpet. Miss Hester was dressed in quiet black with a spotless white apron holding her worsted-ball. The brown hair parting into wavy folds, with yet no silver threads, framed in a calm, thoughtful face. Something quite unusual must have disturbed her, for the worsted knotted and broke in her hands.

Out in the old-fashioned garden she saw a girlish figure bending over the rose-bushes. She paused in her rocking, and the needles stopped clicking.

But three months since, her niece Lucy had come to the village to take charge of the little school-house opposite, and already busy tongues were gossiping about the minister's frequent visits. Miss Hester turned again to her knitting with a sigh.

It was very quiet. The heat shimmered in the still air. Even the robins in the honeysuckled porch were silent. The twin elms overshadowing the street drooped lazily; from across the meadows came a hay-cart's indistinct rumble.

The knocker clanged, and Miss Hester opened the door softly. The sunlight shifting through the overhanging branches fell full on the minister's rugged face. He stood hat in hand gazing out toward the garden. Miss Hester nodded to herself, and sighed. He looked up at her and blushed, and his eyes wandered unconsciously toward the garden and back again. A graceful figure was coming up the gravel-path.

"Lucy is coming, you see. No need to call her," and Miss Hester looked bravely away.

The minister caught her hand. "Why, Hester," he said gently, "You didn't think I came to see Lucy?"

The girlish footsteps on the gravel-path paused a moment, and then turned back toward the garden.

George Henry Nettleton.

MUSIC IN THE RAIN.

Soar high, blithe songster, happy lark !
The storm clouds darken all the sky,
Seek higher regions bord'ring heaven
And fly and sing and sing and fly.
Then leave a while the early spring-blown 'flowers
And sing, sweet bird, in sunshine o'er the showers.

Hark, now there's music in the rain
As from the darkened stormy sky
Each drop bears down in murmuring strains
The song the lark sends forth on high.
So when, blithe bird, the rain bedews the flowers
Pour out thy joy in sunshine o'er the showers.

Frederick Tilney.

NOTABILIA.

THE recurrence of semi-annuals brings up to our minds the question of the honor system in examinations. This is an era of reform in Yale. Signs are not wanting that we shall see within the next few generations many of the worst abuses done away with. We must ascribe this feeling to a growing sense of honor and responsibility among undergraduates. Within the memory of the present writer men of otherwise undoubted integrity and honesty used to think it no shame to cheat in examinations under the delusion that thereby they got ahead of the faculty. The University was at that time in its transition period, old ideals were swept away and no new ones offered to fill the newer needs. We are now coming out of the waste places into a larger life and a fuller realization of our privileges as Yale men. This sense of honor to which we have alluded may, we think, be trusted to correct the remainder of the cribbing evil. Those of us who have, like Caliban,

"candy consciences," are ready enough to put the blame of our misdeeds upon the floor walker in Alumni Hall, and so long as the said floor walker remains as a Yale institution the cribbing evil will remain. Let the responsibility for the correction of this evil rest with the student body and we shall see how quickly will dishonesty be frowned upon. The faculty *owe* us this opportunity for development as a community. It is a part of the growing spirit of the University and should be fostered. C. W. W.

PORTFOLIO.

A WATERLILY.

One soft May night a wandering star bent down
 And kissed its image in the gloomy lake,
 And with the morn there rose a golden crown,
 Pearl-strewn with dewdrops for the lost star's sake.

W. D. Makepeace.

—It was in the afternoon that the races at the Labor Day picnic came off. The crowd lined the hillside under the trees, and surged down upon the hot dusty track.

*ON
 LABOR
 DAY.*

Tired women with dirty, crying babies in their arms pushed and jostled incessantly.

Stolid workingmen stood in their way, mopping away the perspiration with many colored handkerchiefs, and puffing tranquilly at their short pipes. Small boys ran in and out, sucking sticks of striped candy, or blowing tiny shrieking balloons. Everywhere lay peanut shells, the sure evidence of an American holiday.

"Call 'em out?" cried the red-faced, self-important starter, who was incidentally councilman from the First Ward.

Thereupon there strode into the sunshine a motley crowd of contestants. They walked slowly along between the rows of shouting admirers and took their places. From his position on the outside, Link Doyle cast a glance at his rivals. He saw old Jim Kelly in a suit of red flannel, clutching nervously at two enormous corn-cobs, and smiled slightly. He glanced up quickly at the crowd on the hillside, but could distinguish no one amid the sea of faces. "Kittie's looking, somewhere!" he thought, "I must win this sure!" Then he turned back, just in time to see Kelly sprawling awkwardly in the dust, and hear the starter cry, "What in hell are you doing, Kelly?"

"It's the crouchin' start, the new way as I seen 'em do it at Pittsburgh."

"Well, I don't care how they does it there, I'm runnin' things here, and it don't go! Stand up like the rest!" The man in red rose shame-facedly, and the bystanders jeered.

Then came the pistol-crack, and they were off, Kelly leading with much puffing, and flashing of red limbs in the sunshine. A sudden silence fell on the crowd as they waited the outcome. The sports on the fence talked in low tones about their bets, and eagerly peered across the track, as one solitary figure began to draw away from the bunch of stragglers.

Down the stretch came the runners, and every one rose on tip-toe. "Who's ahead? Who's ahead?" was the cry. "By Gad, Link Doyle's first! He's winning easy—and Kelly—he's dropped out at the bend—Old Red Legs is bad blown!"

With one fierce, final spurt, amid the dust and swaying lines of watchers, Doyle dashed over the line. He heard the exultant cries of his friends, the curses of foes, and then the pushing, excited crowd surrounded him.

"Here's your yaller ribbon, Link!" called the starter. "And the red plush rockin' chair for first prize is down at the furniture store in town."

"All right," answered Doyle, carelessly tying the bit of color in his coat. "I'm going up on the hill to dance. Where's Kittie?"

C. P. K.

—"What's de matter wit youse?" asked Tamsy as he looked into the faces of the two children. Neither of them answered him. The girl had been crying and there were still traces of tears in her eyes; the boy held her hand and gazed sheepishly at the pavement.

*A
JOURNALISTIC
GENIUS.*

"Are youse lost or what's up wid yer?" urged Tamsy as he drew the girl's hand away from her face. She gained a little confidence from his patronizing tone and stammered—

"We want ter—"

"What de youse want ter?" queried Tamsy.

"We want ter—ter get married!" blurted the girl.

"Married!" exclaimed Tamsy, "Youse kids git married! Youse ain't big enough ter be out alone!"

The taunt touched the boy's pride and with as much dignity as he could show through the dirt on his face he said to Tamsy:

"Aw', you aint nutin' much on size!"

"I aint no kid dough!" retorted Tamsy with a sneer. "So youse wants ter git married, do yer? Yer can't dress yersilves, kin yer, let 'lone s'pport a fam'ly?"

But his derision did not alter the determination of the lovers. The girl tried to persuade him that marriage was her only escape from a harsh step-mother and the boy insisted that his Mamie should not endure such life any longer. Tamsy listened indifferently, for some new idea seemed to be occupying his thoughts. Suddenly he interrupted the children's pleading and said :

"Look here youse? Ef yer got ter get married I kin fix it fur yer. Youse come wit me ter Fadder Kiggin's, he's a good 'un 'an 'll do de right ting."

The children, only too willing, acceded to this proposal and followed their new-found benefactor down the street. As they were approaching the priest's house the girl timidly asked Tamsy his name.

"My name is Dinnis what's goin' ter run de sportin' news of de 'Worl' !' some day."

When the priest came down to the children in the hall Tamsy said to him :

"Say, yer honor, will yer do me a favor?"

"What is it, Tamsy?"

"I wants yer to splice dese here kids fur me, dat's all."

The odd request caused the priest considerable surprise at first, but being somewhat of a humorist and not wishing to disappoint their eager expectations he performed a mock ceremony for them.

Half an hour later Tamsy walked up to the desk of the city editor of the "World."

"Here's somethin' fur de paper!" he said proudly. "I tell yer I'm a hustler, I am, I kin make news right up ter order."

The editor took the soiled paper Tamsy handed him and read in large scrawled letters.

"A Startlin' 'Lopement : Mamie an' Jimmie runned away an' got married. De ting was done on de quiet an' de point o' de weddin' was dat Tamsy Dinnis took de part of best man. Flowers was scarce."

F. T.

—"Mercy, Bridget, what a lookin' room ! and to think the poor young man killed himself. What time did you hear him go out ? Two this morning ? and they found him at eight—dead. The papers will be full o' it and I make doubt if I ever rent this room again. But throw open the shutters, Bridget. What a mess !

SOME
GARRULITY.

Books and papers all over the floor. I do believe he tried to write things. And whiskey bottles, two of 'em, empty. Why didn't you tell me you saw such things in here, Bridget? And what's this? A picture of a play actress. It's torn in two and look, he jes' started to write something but it's scratched out. Something about inspiration and eyes. Well, I do declare, I thought he was a young man with good habits; all my young men are, you know, Bridget. I never take a man who drinks. Not in this house; and he killed himself! Ah me, jes' think where he's gone.

You don't find a note or some money anywhere, do you Bridget? His clothes haven't a thing in 'em, and he owed for six weeks' board, too."

C. B. DE C.

—How it did rain in the night! Time and again you were awakened by the storm and lay listening to the roar of the wind, so hard to distinguish from the waves pounding on the shore, and the two together so deafening. It seemed at times as if the house must give before those fearful gusts.

EARLY
MORNING.

But all is different now. It is a cool September morning. The trees are dripping with moisture, and in the road which winds around the lawn, the water stands in little pools. A branch torn from that large maple is the only evidence of the night's fury. Before you lies the lake, now demurely quiet, reflecting patches of soft blue and dark centred clouds, whose edges the sun, just rising, is fast turning rosy.

Get out the long narrow boat with the single seat; no roomy affair for two or three to dawdle about in. Lay off your coat and pull out across the quiet water. Pull! till your arms grow tired and the miniature waves roll away to right and left behind. You are around the point now and the first ruffling of the morning wind tinkles against the boat side. Before you the lake, just beginning to glisten, seems limitless, for the distant shore is veiled in mist. But a glance back reassures. The boat house is very near through the clear air and the early fishermen are pushing their trolling-boats off the shore, which frightens the squad of snowy ducks that stand pluming themselves in the shallows.

C. B. DE C.

—About the fire which crackled in the hearth the little family sat, in silence except for the prattling of the two children at play on the floor. It was a cheerless room

*REVENGE
IS
SWEET.*

and it seemed as if its cheerlessness was reflected on the faces of its occupants. The father was gazing moodily into the embers.

His face was not a kind one, and the children, as they moved about the floor, appeared instinctively to avoid the place where he sat and to draw nearer to their mother. As she sat listlessly watching their play, lines of weary suffering could be seen in her face, yet there still lingered traces of a former beauty.

At last the clock on the mantlepice struck nine and the children, ceasing their play, affectionately kissed their mother good night. Then they hesitated.

"Now kiss your dear papa," she said, and they each obediently gave him a hurried caress. As they passed out of the room the older one said thoughtfully: "I wonder why Mamma said 'dear papa.' I don't think she really loves him at all."

In the room which they had left, their father and mother still sat in unbroken silence. Unseen by them, a man's face peered through the window and for some minutes seemed to carefully observe the occupants of the room. It was not a happy nor loving pair which he saw, and, as he looked, his mouth broadened into a sinister smile. Then he vanished as silently as he had come. A few moments later there was a knock at the door and, in response to a summons to enter, the same man appeared, now pleasantly smiling.

"Good evening, Jack," they said.

"Good evening," he replied. "I fear I am hardly a welcome visitor and that your feelings for me would have been kinder if I had let you enjoy this evening quietly by yourselves. But you know we old bachelors like sometimes to find ourselves in a bright and happy home, just to see, you know, what we have missed. How long have you been married now, Carry?"

"Ten years, Jack," she said. "I didn't think you would forget it."

"Do you mean that it was just ten years ago when I said that you had made life a mockery to me? That is hardly kind of you, especially in the presence of my successful rival, Frank here. But do you know I really did think that I could never

be happy again. I have got bravely over it now, however, but yet I can't resist the temptation now and then to see my old sweetheart where,

"Sweet is the smile of home ; the mutual look
When hearts are of each other sure :
Sweet all the joys which crown each household nook.
The hearts of all affections pure."

As he quoted Keble's lines, he watched his two friends closely. The man's face was flushed and he twitched uncomfortably on his chair. His wife's expression revealed nothing, but the observing guest noted in the mirror that the hand which she thought concealed from him was closed convulsively about a part of her chair. Her manner toward her husband seemed almost imperceptibly to change and to a stranger they would have appeared to cherish a warm affection for each other. At last their caller rose to go. She stood in the doorway as he disappeared in the darkness and there came to her ears, above the sound of the retreating footsteps, a faint chuckle.

A. D. B.

—The cold mountain fog swept up from the cliffs and through the clump of stunted trees where two men had just tied their horses. The drops of moisture which hung from every twig and tendril of moss, threatened to fall as the steaming horses stamped or shook their halters. The native guide threw the fenders over the seats of the saddles, and taking up the rifles, followed his companion to the edge of the cliff. The mist piling in let them see only a few yards down the steep slope where tangled masses of trees and vines covered the rocky ledges. As the morning sun grew stronger, it began to drink up the fog, while the myriad drops of water glittered as the sunlight struck the trees and glossy shrubs. Suddenly as by magic, there was no mist ; the clouds vanished.

Instinctively the white man drew back. Two thousand feet below him, the sea was breaking in fringes of white along the base of the precipice and around the brown tongue of land which jutted out into the waves. The hum of the surf rose and fell with the wind. Two villages nestled close to the foot of the cliff and their buildings shone in the sun. "That's the leper settlement of Molokai," said the native briefly.

What a segregated world flanked in the rear by impregnable cliffs and on three sides by the blue Pacific which stretched away until it met the clouds! What an existence! The white man shuddered. Even from such a height, people could be seen walking along the cottage-lined streets. A man on horse-back followed by a dog, was riding over the low ridge from the smaller village. "That's the doctor," remarked the guide. "He's riding the mule the Priest left him when he died." On the edge of the point among regularly placed spots of white, there stood a monument, and the white spray as it floated in, seemed to linger over it a moment before it vanished. In the open roadstead, the weekly steamer was at anchor, and between it and the wharf, the tiny boat crept back and forth. Back of the settlements, in a narrow gorge, a reservoir glistened like a doll's mirror, and behind it the bed of the valley was checkered with fields of dark green taro.

The view held him entranced. He had never seen such changing lights in the sea, such shades of green in the foliage, such diversity of color in any pictures. But yet here "where every prospect pleases" his heart went out to his brother man in the villages below him, in Nature's painted sepulchre.

A pluck on the sleeve stopped his meditations. With a gesture of silence, the guide pointed along the top of the cliff to a copse where a large stag was tossing his antlers and sniffing the wind. Quietly the two men crawled from the edge of the cliff to the horses.

A. F. J., JR.

MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

The Joint Play.

The third annual Joint Play of the two Junior societies Psi U. and *Δ. K. E.* was presented at the Hyperion Theatre on May 13th and 14th. The piece produced this year was "Mr. Bonaparte," a musical burlesque in two acts by F. L. Lee, '95, and E. G. Taylor, '95. Allen Wardwell, '95, had charge of the music.

The cast of characters was as follows :

Napoleon Bonaparte,	F. L. Lee, '95.
Otto Schultz, friend of Napoleon, afterwards Duke of Austerlitz,	E. C. Lackland, '96.
Hiram J. Jenks, Commercial Traveler, afterwards Duke of Wagram,	F. J. Hooker, '95.
Marquis of L'Ecarte, Uncle to Napoleon,	E. G. Taylor, '95.
Abbe de Roulette,	A. G. C. Sage, '96.
Count Nervanoff,	F. S. Butterworth, '95.
Recruiting Sergeant,	E. B. Hamlin, '96.
Francois, Innkeeper,	H. W. Harris, '95.
Captain of Russian Police,	H. R. Bond, '96.
Therese, Daughter to Francois,	A. L. Curtiss, '96.
Josephine de Beauharnais, neice to Nervanoff,	J. F. Eagle, '96.

The play committee consisted of F. L. Lee, '95 ; E. G. Taylor, '95 ; Allen Wardwell, '95 ; Sherman Day, '96 ; A. G. C. Sage, '96 ; B. S. Cobb, '95 ; J. B. Neale, '96, and A. P. Stokes, Jr., '96.

Spring Regatta

Was held May 8. '96 vs. '98, won by '98 ; time, 7 min. 29½ sec. University vs. '97, won by University ; time, 7 min. 15 sec. '97 vs. '98, won by '97 ; time, 7 min. 13 sec.

Yale Union Elections

Were held May 9th. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year : W. H. Clark, '96, president ; C. V. Clark, '97, vice-president ; L. H. Porter, '96, secretary ; E. L. Barnard, '97, treasurer. Executive committee : S. M. Alvord, '96, chairman ; J. C. Adams, '96, and R. C. Spaulding, '97.

Phi Beta Kappa Elections

Were held May 9th. The following officers were elected from '96: president, W. H. Clark; vice-president, J. M. Gaines; secretary, S. M. Alvord; treasurer, J. C. Adams; executive committee, C. B. Coleman, L. H. Porter and P. R. Allen.

Yale, '98, Harvard, '98 Debate.

The first joint debate between the Freshman classes of Yale and Harvard was held in Alumni Hall May 10th, and resulted in a victory for Yale. Yale's speakers were C. E. Julin, Hiram Bingham and F. E. Richardson.

Townsend Speakers

From '95 are: R. S. Baldwin, J. I. Chamberlain, C. G. Clarke, Lindsay Denison, F. B. Harrison and C. C. Hyde.

Athletic Games.

The 5th annual athletic meeting between Yale and Harvard for the University Track Athletic Association Cup, was held at Holmes Field, Cambridge, May 18th, and resulted in a victory for Yale by a score of 65 to 47 points.

Junior Society Elections

Were given out May 21st with the use of calcium lights.

PSI Upsilon.—Bosworth, Brewster, Chadwick, Crosby, Darach, Day, deForest, Ely, Gilmore, Harkness, Hinkey, Kneeland, H. D. Kountze, L. L. Kountze, Lapham, Maddox, Mason, Nolan, Pinchot, Reed, D. L. Sage, R. deP. Tytus, Updike, Van Ingen, Wetmore.

DELTA KAPPA EPSILON.—Adee, Boyle, Brooke, Brown, Clarke, Coffin, Davis, Farnam, Fincke, Fisher, Gillette, Gregory, Lineaweaver, McCance, J. V. Miller, T. W. Miller, Pierce, Rountree, Dean Sage, Smith, Sumner, Sutphin, Wallis, Winterbotham, Young.

ALPHA DELTA PHI.—Babcock, Draper, Garrison, Gerard, Goodwin, Heffelfinger, Keator, Murphy, Sawyer, Simpson, J. B. Tytus, Jr., Wheelwright.

Senior Society Elections

Were given out as follows, May 23d :

SKULL AND BONES.

<i>Name.</i>	<i>Given by</i>
A. P. Stokes, Jr.	B. S. Cable.
A. Brown, Jr.	W. F. Carter.
Maitland Griggs.	William Sloane.
McK.D. McKee.	Benjamin Davis.
W. M. Beard.	M. A. Buckner.
Ward Cheney.	A. B. Shepley.
S. Thorne, Jr.	A. R. Clark, Jr.
J. G. H. de Sibour.	Lanier McKee.
E. L. Trudeau, Jr.	W. E. Cooke.
R. B. Treadway.	F. B. Harrison.
F. E. Weyerhaeuser.	F. A. Hinkley.
W. D. Smith.	A. McC. Beard.
S. B. Thorne.	Z. B. Phelps.
J. B. Neale.	Lindsay Denison.
W. R. Cross.	F. S. Butterworth.

SCROLL AND KEY.

N. Williams, Jr.	T. Dyer.
G. H. Nettleton.	W. A. Delano.
C. De Witt.	E. G. Taylor.
H. H. Benedict.	G. T. Adees.
G. Z. Gray.	F. L. Lee.
W. S. Hoyt.	J. R. Williams.
Sherman Day.	Allen Wardwell.
Russell Colgate.	G. K. B. Wade.
E. C. Lackland, jr.	C. Vanderbilt, Jr.
A. G. C. Sage.	R. B. Mason.
W. S. Miller.	Laurens Hamilton.
H. J. Fisher.	H. G. Miller, Jr.
Eliot Sumner.	R. C. Nesbit.
L. P. Sheldon.	W. H. Scoville.
A. E. Foote.	H. P. Driggs.

WOLF'S HEAD.

W. P. Paret.	J. F. Talmadge, Jr.
W. B. Ford.	J. E. Cooper.
P. C. Peck.	D. B. Lyman, Jr.
Howland Twombly.	G. R. McLane.
C. F. Mackey.	J. A. Draper, Jr.
E. D. Alexander.	John MacGregor, Jr.
W. H. Clark.	R. S. White.
J. F. Eagle.	T. M. Debevoise.
A. H. Belo, Jr.	W. S. Eakin.
A. L. Curtiss.	H. I. Parsons.
F. C. Lee.	H. W. Harris.
G. X. McLanahan.	Parker Corning.
T. F. Archbald.	W. L. Beadleston.
J. H. Knapp.	B. I. Spock.
A. S. Cochran.	G. A. Phelps.

Intercollegiate Games

Were held at Berkeley Oval, May 25th. Yale scored 30 points, U. of P. 25, and Harvard 22.

Athletic Team Captain.

At a meeting of the Track Athletic Team, Lewis P. Sheldon, '96, was elected captain for the next year.

University Boat Club Meeting

Was held May 22d. The following officers were elected: president, H. deSibour, '96; vice-president, G. T. Nicholas, '96 S.; secretary, J. S. Wheelwright, '97.

University Club Elections

Were held May 22d. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: president, A. G. C. Sage, '96; vice-president, J. M. Polk, '96 S.; treasurer, R. S. Brewster, '96; assistant treasurer, Dean Sage, Jr., '97; secretary, S. D. Babcock, Jr., '97; executive committee, J. B. Neale, '96, A. G. C. Sage, '96, and Sherman Day, '96.

Baseball Games

During the month have resulted as follows :

May 7th, Yale *vs.* Lafayette : 10-1.
May 9th, Yale *vs.* Edgewood : 12-2.
May 13th, Yale *vs.* Amherst : 12-2.
May 15th, Yale *vs.* Amherst : 1-2.
May 18th, Yale *vs.* Princeton : 1-0.
May 22d, Yale *vs.* Oritani : 11-12.
May 25th, Yale *vs.* Orange : 4-6.
May 30th, Yale *vs.* Brown : 3-12.
June 1st, Yale *vs.* Holy Cross : 11-3.

BOOK NOTICES.

Yale Yarns. By John Seymour Wood. New York. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.00.

We are never so careful as when we tread upon the toes of ghosts of our own making. The mental spectroscope is a very ungrateful thing to apply to one of one's own kin. And we Yale men—are we not all brothers—as sons of Eli?

The fireworks usual to this department have been somewhat dampened by the very ingenuous and friendly introduction to the volume under notice. That is one reason for the Readings from the Koran placed at the head of this review. We have been balked in our critic's privilege. For who could be stern after such a page as this. "If you are flippant or hint of the seamy side of college life" (here the cream of the sauce) "the ponderous old *Lit.* may pronounce your effort worthless and condemn you as an 'enemy of Yale,'—and if so" we congratulate our author on his "good eye,"—"it were better a thousand millstones were hanged about your neck at once, for the oldest and at the same time, the 'youngest' magazine in America pronounces literary judgments which are terribly and wondrously final." We wonder if Mr. Wood was book reviewer in '74. If so we magnanimously forgive him.

And in the face of such a sly maneuver how shall we say our say. We suppose that our own little future (and very future it is, too) book of gems to be enrolled on the cold Congressional library shelves as "Tommy Aitkins and other Poetry of Childhood," and numbered "twelve million and tutty," will be worse belabored by our future book reviewers. The present editors reach over the stretch of years to '74 and shake a genial howdy.

The general welcome to a Yale story will always be genuinely a hearty one. The dear old corners and walks and elms take on a poetic glow in the pages of print. We never thought our daily experiences were quite worth while saving in type before. They are so much a part of us, so much ourselves. But we come to think them quite interesting, though not in aunt-and-uncle wise, and fall to wondering if we are leading such a wonderful life in its quaintness and delight as all these story people would lead us to believe. We had not been home for a term, and the Dean's last letter had taken quite all the romance out of it, and let us down to earth with a good old matter of fact thud. (Not that we are used to it—Pa forbid, which is true in two ways of taking it, as all of us know.)

The atmosphere about Mr. Wood's book is real, we can feel it, and for the week we haven't called up to Bob or Billy, with an "O! George!" or "Tommy" or what you may call 'em, without in some way feeling we were moving along with "Sprague" and "Jack Horner" and "Paige" and "Keith" and that some adventuresome adventure were about to fall upon us, without our knowing it, and that perhaps our reverend "governor," the Rev. Mr. What's my name? would turn up at the Bethel mission as some tousled tramp and shame us on the campus. Mr. Wood has religiously

staved off all cause for complaint by introducing every manner of man in the place, from the grind, all the way to the sport who played poker during the Harvard game in the train. He has not left out Dwight Hall Heelers, nor the athletic man, and our sisters at Holyoke have cause to delight in the society man as he is.

There is, however, in Mr. Wood's volume, no attempt at a thoughtful study of young men at a period of their lives when wine and cigars may make them breezy and of interest to careless observers, but at a time also when their history is most earnest and dramatic. A booze on the steps of Osborn in the early stage of dawn may be a matter of interest to reporters of the *Evening Post*, especially when combined with an impossible adventure with a pie wagon, but we doubt if it more than brings a smile of amusement to the face of a more thoughtful member of society, who sees in these things not altogether cause for hilarity.

In fact and *in toto*, the main in these stories lies in their most improbable plots. No man ever went to a boat race dressed as a chaperone, no sane man ever would treat "A Violent Remedy" more than a piece of type written horse-play, and "One on the Governor" is a nonsensical episode. "A Dawn Tea" and "Chums in Old South" remind too easily of two of Mr. Post's best sketches. Indeed, throughout the whole book there is no earnest feeling, such as made Mr. Post's work so justly popular. On the other hand, in "Nat Hale of '73" we get paragraphs of real literary touches, and "The Great Springfield Game" is a good piece of work.

The college, though in debt to Mr. Wood for several carefully considered sketches of campus life, is still looking for her champion. There is a depth of political intrigue here, attendant with its wake of misery and disappointment, a depth of noble effort, of character building, of wrestling with self and fellows, that in *Yale Yarns* a reader would never imagine, and there are far truer sources of story studies than mere idle, boyish, horseplay. Until we do get some such work the public will go on misjudging us, and taking our occasional jolly rowdyism as our usual state of health, and flippant newspaper men will continue to support their grandmothers and second cousins in luxury on the illgotten spoil of fabrication.

Princeton Stories. By J. L. Williams. New York. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.00.

In many respects the *Princeton Stories* are superior to the now famous *Harvard Stories* of Mr. Post. There is a very evident earnestness about them that other volumes of the sort completely lack. The literary quality in the book, that very elusive article which is not sold in bottles, but which makes a story, as its absence mars it, Mr. Williams has been most happy in appropriating. "College Men," with the prep. pitcher's visit to Nassau and his vision of campus life, is finely done. In "The Hazing of Valliant," the first three pages are exquisitely written. "All summer long she sat on the sand without a veil and was nice to two little boys in clean duck trousers and buzz-saw hats which blew off sometimes;" and the game which the Freshman played is a bit of well conceived drama. "The Madness of Poler Stacy"—poler being the unmeaning New Jersey term for the very simple Connecticut idea of "grind"—is a study of a fish out of water, of a book

worm visiting a swell club and the ass that he made of himself therein, with a very cunningly contrived and thirty-page sarcasm on men who feign they are what they are not, and who are not satisfied with being what they are, which is very foolish. Some of the stories are not so good; "The Winning of the Cane" is too long drawn out; "When Girls come to Princeton" might have appeared with more advantage in Harper's Bazaar for maiden ladies. "The Little Tutor" is more or less amateurish. But we know the men in the stories, we feel with them, and for them the author has made live creatures of every one of his characters, which is more than we can say for the stuffed meal sacks that pass muster as men in a certain other volume of college tales nearer home.

The descriptions of college life are realistic, the language used is excellent, the dramatic element is well handled. All in all, Mr. Williams' book merits the approval of all lovers of the good college story, and who is there, in this day of the all-devouring book rack, who is not?

Children of the Ghetto. By Israel Zangwill. New York. MacMillan & Co. \$1.50.

Mr. Zangwill's work is so well known, and his literary talent so widely acknowledged, that an introduction is unnecessary. He has not achieved many books as yet. He works slowly. *The King of the Schnorrers* and several unimportant publications complete the list. Besides these (and in this he is most widely known) Mr. Zangwill is a constant contributor to the *Pall Mall Gazette* and various other London periodicals, and is a regular number on the *Critic's* excellent essay list in America. He is famed widely as among the half dozen greatest critics living.

In the *Children of the Ghetto*, Mr. Zangwill has grouped some score of tales of his people, and most of them are very dramatic. His taste in bookishness, his knowledge of the story writer's art, his delightful humor, reminding us of Dickens at times, and always of Zangwill, his sympathy with humanity—all these characteristics lend to a volume of Zangwill a most unusual value. If he can climb out of the racial prejudice and give us stories and novels of English popular life, Mr. Zangwill may some day become a king of letters. He draws but a feeble cheering when he drags his cart through the people of Israel only.

For force and pathos we can go far and not find an equal to "The Hyam's Honeymoon," and the humor of "The Courtship of Shossi Smendrick" is irresistible. It is worthy of Dickens. The "Proem" is a characteristic piece of work. It is pithy, sharp, and witty, and it is to the point.

Of course, in such a heterogeneous collection of sheets, there are things that mar. The storm of anecdotes and newspaper jokes and repartees that crowd some of the chapters are matters of bad taste. To talk of Mr. Zangwill's extraordinary style, with his Meredithian cataclysms of words, his unravelled word jumbles, his keen, sarcastic, toying wit, his plunging cataracts of ideas that rush on each other's heels pell-mell—would take a volume. He is a new force in our literature, and withal, with his mighty youthfulness, somewhat to dream upon for the age to come.

This book is a reprinting of the original text that was copyrighted in America in 1892. It has a new preface and is bound well in a tasteful cover in flaming yellow buckram.

Madame Sans Gêne. Unabridged Translation from the French. Boston. Charles E. Brown & Co.

We are wondering who will next be raised to heroicship in this unstable generation. Joan D'Arc written up by Bangs, (or is it Clemens who is befooling us)—is now in the press of Harper's, and there are innumerable twin sisters of the same that rain in the magazines. France has just waked up to the fact that one George Washington lived, and the honest gentleman is just now crowned atop with a halo, (or it is foolscap as one looks down from Heaven). We are literally knee-deep in the worship of Napoleon. Little Elbe in the seas seems a very footstool of the gods. His house in the Tweeleries a very garden of greatness. The world and we are in an advanced state of worshipful decrepitude.

In *Madame Sans Gêne* we have a very remarkable novel. Its voluminous 700 pages are every one of interest. The author is surely well packed with her subject. (Or is it "*his*.") Sans Gêne, "without fear," the "unembarassed," is first of all a washer lady, you may have it laundress. Lefebvre meets her, falls in love and when he is raised in rank we are married; with the common booming for wedding bells. Then our Emperor appears in lieutenantcy and is escorted through the book to Godship. To rule on the necks of a people. There are sub-plots and counter-moves, crumbling of empires and minutiae of cook books. We are French to the bone and brain in the pages. We meet all the lords and generals, all the dukes and moustachios of the whole period, and the statement of men is very fair. Only Josephine, the betrayed and the sweet of our school-books, has become fiend incarnate in these pages. The author is hard, is cruel to Josephine, as almost every history writer will tell you. That's why we think she is a woman.

The dramatic success of the work is intense, though history is not inviolate for the privilege. The author has a decided tendency to sensational denouements however, with riders and pardons at the nick of the hanging. There is a leaning towards soothsayers. Fate is the God of the novelist we fear. Though not great in the way of bookish greatness, *Madame Sans Gêne* is an unusual novel and well worth the reading.

The translation is for the most part excellent and runs along smoothly enough. The press work is good, though we notice a comical error of 200 years in placing the birth of Bonaparte (p. 70) in 1568 instead of 1768 and one or two trifling errors of a letter. The illustrations are numerous, as wood cuts and are excellent as such. The make-up of the volume is neat and durable.

The Life of the Spirit in Modern English Poets. By Vida Scudder. Boston: Houghton & Mifflin Co.

To trace the "Life of the Spirit in Modern English Poets" is a respectable task, even in one so well versed as Vida Scudder. The life of the spirit is told, from the pantheism of the early 19th century poets to the Christianity of the later ones. Beginning with the influence of science and democracy as the authoress finds it in Shelley and Wordsworth, we end with Browning and his exultant faith. In the course of research, the poetry of doubt and

rebellious despair is exhibited in Arnold and Swinburne, and the dark struggles toward the light of "In Memoriam."

Just what we are to include under the extension of the title "Spirit" is not as clear as day-light, but the book cannot be read in its evidently wide and earnest research, without pleasure and benefit.

The life of the "spirit," if we are to assume as spirit that which is otherwise depominated "religious belief," is an intangible and rather evanescent quantity. To dissect poetic thoughts for the sake of their possible ethical and religious content has ever been esteemed by the best an act of vandalism, and almost an insult to art. But the analysis here does not savor unpleasantly of the orthodox interpretation.

We would notice in particular vivid and sympathetic characterization of Wordsworth, Arnold and Browning. The spirit of the writer is literary and the judgment in the main sane and sound.

The chief faults appear to be those common to works of this kind, especially in the case of a young author. Take the affirmed influence of science on poetry. Though there is truth in the notion, it would be less venturesome if the author had seen fit to connect these ideas less closely and enthusiastically, thereby avoiding the charge of careering somewhat violently on a favorite hobby. Doubtless the new elements of modern poetry arise from the spirit of the age and it is in turn strongly influenced by the great scientific advances, but the connection of Darwinism and the poets is surely indistinct and distant.

Another fault is a somewhat lavish use of adjectives of the romantic tinge. Wordsworth is always romantically, heroically "sorrowful." Such epithets please the fancy of a somewhat doting devotee, and he permanently affixes the mood to the man; but to a less prejudiced and more judicial person these epithets come to possess the stereotyped and even ludicrous solemnity of a tragic mask.

In general, for an attempt to grasp the undefinable, there is comparatively little rhapsody and diffuseness. At the close the "spirit" is evidently Christian and connected with a belief in immortality. "Revealer of the spirit! this is the greatest title Wordsworth or Shelley can claim." "Mysticism and realism meet in the work of Wordsworth, who sees in life at once the natural and divine. The imagination of the poets who follow gropes in vain among ideals of the past and in its own recesses for this great synthesis between the flesh and soul. By Browning alone, uplifted to wider outlook by clear faith in immortality, mysticism and realism meet again at last and the full synthesis is achieved." "After long searchings the Witness of the spirit was to the Father and the Son."

A. G. K.

The New Woman. By E. Lynn Linton. New York. Merriam Co.

The heroine of Mrs. Linton's novel is the latest product of the fad in England, who save for Sydney Grundy's comedy has as yet hardly been heard of here. She is possessed of a sort of demon of unrest, a passion for excitement, notoriety, and irresponsible freedom, that leads her to demand the abolition of all social safeguards in favor of the fullest "development of the individual," which development is to include the levelling of

sex distinctions, the abrogation of the marriage tie, and the control of affairs in general by the "superior" sex. It is Mrs. Linton's object to show that the feminine nature is not qualified to assume the reins of political and economic government, and she evidently wishes her novel to be judged by her success or failure here. As she points out, feminine nature is essentially irrational, and this alone practically settles the question, for it is a thing that no experience can educate. Given the spirit for revolt, it is not unnatural that the "Excelsior" women's club should talk extravagantly and affront respectability, while transporting their small audiences by their bold beauty and daring speech on the platform. A woman's reason is found in her feelings, and, as always where this is the case, the "Excelsiors" are intolerant. It is eminently characteristic, too, that their zeal for the cause should be purely personal in its nature, with the jealous rivalry of individuals taking the place of enthusiasm; and that when the inevitable split comes, the two factions, each perhaps honestly convinced of the other's error, should transfer their indignation to their opponents personally, and battle with a feline ferocity which seriously militates against their claim that the womanly element would soften political strife. Mrs. Linton says that the unreasoning acerbity of woman's disagreement unfits her for governing; and there could be no more convincing proof of the permanency of this failing than the fact that Mrs. Linton herself, whose acute perception of the weaknesses of her sex certainly earns her the right to translate Goethe's *Ewigweibliche* by "the Eternal Feminine," should put so much combativeness into her novel as quite to destroy its artistic value and to make the first half of it, at least, almost unreadable. She selects the extremest possible types of the propaganda, and assails their unwomanly doctrines with a bitterness or invective which, however well justified it may be, is likely, while irritating the suffragists, to repel even those readers who may be open to conviction. To find a novel which proclaims its thesis so frankly is certainly a relief from the sugar-coated-pill style of fiction, but, short of that extreme, we regret that Mrs. Linton had not the self-restraint, or the judgment, to leave comment to the reader. This of course would require that the whole be strictly true to the reality, and it is difficult for an American reader to believe that any woman of birth and breeding can be so unwomanly as these extremists are represented; while the contrast-pictures of domestic bliss are too one-sidedly idyllic to prove much.

The book as a whole is vigorously written, especially the latter half, where the dissolution of the club and the history of its leader's subsequent family life permits the human interest to come to the fore. The tone is wholesome, and the sincerity of purpose justifies many things that in a mere romance would have been unpardonable; but artistic finish is wholly lacking, and, as usual in such cases, the characters are little more to the reader than abstractions in clothes, giving to the drama in which they play, an uncomfortable air of unsubstantiality, which is fatal to anything like absorbed interest.

H. L. T.

Two Women. By Lida O. Vanamee. New York: Merriam Co.

Ada and her friend of the staggering appellation have a most enjoyable drive of a summer season through cathedral England. They are undisturbed

by impecuniosity or by man. Everything is delightful, just as everyone would like to have it, and nothing very wonderful occurs. Just as nobody would care to have it be. They are just two gentle-ladies, a-driving on the highway, behind a very fat horse, called Joey. It is very interesting. But it's not the end. Young ladies' boarding schools would not do well to read this little book before their summer outing, for matrimony is not the prize of every lady traveler. The very genial English lord who met them on the outbound steamer is ubiquitous henceforth, and good man Carl is hot upon the trail. And now we have love-making with all its wonders, and Hymen in his holiday attire. And so endeth the little tale, with marriage-bells for everybody, as of course is well, the jingle of which end the volume very prettily. Only, my dear young misses, they are only shams, and every one who goes a-driving summer days will not find lords attendant.

Suppressed Chapters. By Robert Bridges. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.

The very amusing and withal instructive little booklet which Droch of the genial name recently put forth, has emboldened his admirers to clamor for more of the same sort, and in the volume before us, all such desires are fulfilled. Mr. Bridges has divided our attention with his very clever compeers of the pencil in the pages of *Life* these many moons, and any thing he chooses to print will be met with great interest. It is a commonplace to say that Droch is bright. Things that nobody will deny are not worth saying. And Droch is bright. The poor unfortunate who has never read his *Arcady* will do so when he ends the present book.

Mr. Bridges' method of working is fresh and entertaining. He revels in sly hits at Ibsen, LeGallienne, Bangs and E. S. Martin. The latter two as jolly sons of toil as ever probed an inkstand. His *Arcadian Letters* are excellent, to Diana of the Crossways, Surrey.

Gibson and A. B. Frost may cancel all obligations henceforth to their genial Appreciator. The pages on F. Marion Crawford contain an epitome of his existence, if such a task be possible, for if any man were cosmopolite from birth, it is he of the Roman fame. Had he only included Yale in his endless list of resting places, and Yale is an intellectual resting place if there ever was any (which may sound traitorous but it isn't), we would think him sound of schooling.

But all through Mr. Bridges' book we hit upon most interesting places. The make-up of the volume is in the Scribner's usual tasteful way, and the cover is a dream—no, it is not a dream, it is an after-dinner nap, which is speaking very frivolously of a very pretty thing.

A Modern Pagan. By Constance G. DuBois. New York: The Merriam Co.

LOVE, tired of serious harpooning of hearts, retires to the green-room and comes forth at the end of the play in foolscaps. The present novel deals with the reeling twaddle that ensued before the plaintive god returned to his curls and arrows.

Gerald married Massey on the recommendation of her adopted parent and because the lady suggested some such table-twisting expedient to unite two fondling hearts. It was done and great was the end thereof. Renie Chapman, beloved of and believing the much beloved Gerald, twines roses on his wife's tea-table, herself lets bits of gaslight through her own painting, that was to make her famous, to show her devotion, while Gerald of many fingers on the piano throws his compositions in the grate.

Now all this sails along delightfully for many moons, and then one great dark chapter comes where Gerald nearly shuffles off his mortality at the end of a powder-box, and is converted, and rises from the wretchedness of self-destruction to the high position of melodion director at the mission coffee-house. The rest is very commonplace, and at the end "The twain are one again."

So Cupid tosses his foolscap away and goes back to his feathers and fairies.

There is a strained tone to the novel, there are unusual people, unusual incidents, unusual motives, impossible pages. It leaves no lasting impression, and one is glad to lay it down. The writer, however, who is well known in the book world, displays a genuine love of books, a feeling for art and for music, and seems altogether too intellectual a person to spend her valuable time in writing such nonsense.

Forward House. By W. S. Case. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons \$1.00.

The friction of Froth in a bottle! a stormy cape, a house that stands over a hermit, a girl, a pirate craft, a hidden treasure and all the bits that go to make up mosaics of different-hued blood. It took months to bring about this new and adventuresome school and now it's here, we've got to pay for it.

In *Forward House* Mr. Case starts out with a stormy night, a girl and a lantern, two men, some angry words on strings of an angry lute, and a mystery. We dash headlong through the ensuing chapters, are taken in by the crafty pirate, break innocent into the house on the cliff with armed men, witness the terrible sight of a parents' tears o'er a wayward pirate son, see blood on the scutcheon in the brother's duel, and have our hermit house blown up about our ears, with the cries of the dying a-down the road. "The Hawk," most dreaded of those that go down to the sea in little black barks with skulls on the banner, becomes our friend and acquaintance; through him we learn the atrocities that are taking place beneath our nose, and where we winked in innocence now we blink in woe. Words, words, words. It comes out clear sailing at the end, with satisfactory bouquets for every one in the cast, except the murdered pirate son, whom we fain would send fans.

The new romantic school threatens to edge in upon Scott in his lonely splendor. We have Weyman, Stevenson, Fenn and Doyle in pantomime enkinged. In the present Case there is room in the outer courts.

NOTES.

Mr. John Seymour Wood, '74, is the editor of a new college monthly, *The Batchelor of Arts*, the first number of which lies on our table. Joined with Mr. Wood in editorship are Edward S. Martin, the essayist of Harper's Weekly, and Walter Camp, who will attend to the athletic interests.

The Batchelor of Arts starts out on lines that will make it by far the best of the University magazines. The scope will include articles in general literature, with book reviews by W. D. Howells, papers on college topics by eminent graduates, and special work by Prof. Hadley, Prof. James of Harvard, Cabot Lodge, E. C. Stedman, Theodore Roosevelt, and C. D. Warner. Such a prospectus seems a very inviting one. In the present number Judge Howland contributes a vivid description of the student and town riot of 1854, and Mr. Wood writes the leader on "Town and Gown Rows of Yale." There are two stories in the makeup and several poems of fair quality. The outside of the magazine is quaint and prepossessing, black and red on dull green paper, and the shape is oblong. The monthly will sell for \$4.00 a year, and if sufficient encouragement be offered, we predict a bright future. We are indebted to the courtesy of Mr. Winthrop Chanler for the copy at hand.

Three Novels.—In Richard Henry Savage's *In the Old Chateau* we have another volume of his well-written but sensational productions. The author's popularity is hard to reason, and after all it is not the best kind, this applauding of the pit.—*The One Too Many*, by E. Lynn Linton, a piece of mild idiocy, written in the same feverish, semi-brilliant style as her *The New Woman*, bubbling over with cleverness, but sadly lacking in anything except supreme mediocrity.—*At Market Value* is by Mr. Grant Allen, a caricature of whom adorns the cover of the volume. Mr. Allen's recent sulphuric success in *The Woman who Did*, entitles him to respect at least from the reviewer, but when one has finished the book under notice, he dips in his ink-well for some good to say, and it is hard to find it.

The above three books come from F. Tenneyson Neely, of Chicago.

Mr. Robert Buchanan is something of an artist in his craft, but when he degrades that art to cater to the tastes of the British reading public, as in *Rachel Dene*, published by Neely of Chicago, the result is only deplorable. When we have recorded that in 287 pages the deadly plot claims no less than five prominent victims, besides a liberal sprinkling of lesser ones; that two innocent men are sentenced to penal servitude; that at least six momentous coincidences are found necessary; that a general air of Sunday School morality pervades the book—as though mere virtue could protect a character from a plot;—and that "the silver lining shone out upon the night at last;" we think we have sufficiently described the novel in question. T.

The Bookman for May contains an excellent article on The First Illustrated Magazine in New York, by W. L. Andrews, and the first of a series of "Reminiscences of Whittier" by Helen Burt. *The Bookman* is still caught

printing some most extraordinary English, p. 274 (May) we find the following: "Some of his sentences, especially those on the prevalent vicious habit of reading fiction by the yard, because it is fashionable, is rather biting and caustic." With this error righted the style of the writer of that one sentence is enough to condemn the paper.

"*The Prince of Balkistan*," is the title of a story by Allen Upward, in the Lippincott Select Novel Series. It is a tale of the Russian frontier in which the utterly desperate plots of the Nihilists figure as the main action of the story. The style is not surprisingly original, and in our opinion, the story would hardly be read at all were it not for the picturesque and dramatic situations which the author has brought to his aid in compiling the narrative. The tendency of modern fiction in seeking strange color to cover over the open nakedness of an author's thought is truly lamentable and does not augur well for the artistic excellence of our twentieth century literature.

P.

In the *American Writers of To-day*, published by Silver, Burdett & Co., Rev. Henry C. Vedder offers a combination critique and biography collection to readers of the literature of the Revolted Colonies. He has given an intelligent survey of the work of the leaders of American letters, and has been especially felicitous in his remarks on Stedman, Howells, Cable and Crawford. Each of the essays shows wide reading and subtle appreciation. It is a book that is well worth reading.

The Art Student for May, a copy of which has been furnished us by the editor, Mr. Ernest Knauff, is devoted to C. D. Gibson, noticing the main features in his work and printing cuts of several of his most famous drawings.

More Short Sixes, by H. C. Bunner. To judge from this new volume Mr. Bunner's candles are by no means burnt out, nor are his short sixes mere tallow dips. He has the most delightful way of asking you into his literary corner for a quiet evening; flash goes a sparkle of wit like a tinder box and the short six is burning at both ends. One end is spontaneous humor, the other is keen criticism, and the two flames approach until—presto! Out they go in one brilliant twinkle, leaving sometimes a sweet odor in your nostrils and sometimes a puff of smoke to make your eyes water.

Perhaps no story writer of our times has so quaint and individual a gift as Mr. Bunner. We shall not soon forget "*The Love-letters of Smith*" and "*Colonel Breerton's Aunt*" of his other volume, and we feel that he touches the same chord in this later one. "*The Third Figure of the Cotillion*" has a smack of the *Knickerbocker* about it; the atmosphere is pervaded with a mild, tobacco haze. Sketches of original humor like the "*Cumbersome Horse*" are not wanting. We shall always remember the mellow afternoon sunlight of Mr. Bunner's stories. Perhaps when our overwrought nerves have ceased to tingle to Kipling's telegraphic English, and Mr. Davis's calm off-hand heroism, and even Bret Harte's pathos and warm coloring, we shall still be soothed by Mr. Bunner's charm. "Here is a land of pure heartsease."

W.

TO BE REVIEWED.

Scottish Sketches. By A. E. Barr. New York : Dodd, Mead & Co.

Under the Manfig. Boston : Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Chronicles of Break o' Day. By E. E. Howe. Boston : Arena Co.

Shakespeare according to Dramatic Art. Boston : Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

"The Queen of the Spring
As she passed down the vale
Left her robe on the trees
And her breath on the gale."

One would have expected Dorothy to come prancing in with a lap full of June roses. Wistaria blossoms clamber and swing upon a hundred trellises but here she comes with an apron full of exchanges, some of them blossoming with song and others,—well, never mind.

The *Harvard Monthly* contains a charming sketch called "Two Mammelles," and it's not *fin de siècle* either, but very honest and old fashioned. There is also an excellent essay upon art principles—and then there is this piece of verse :

A FAUN SPEAKS:—

You weep as you tell of your love and defeat,
But why, why do you weep ?
Like me you have life, you have wine, you have meat.
Then why, why do you weep ?
Nay, feast, drink, and sing with me.—Laugh at defeat !

[*He dances.*

—*Harvard Monthly.*

Dorothy must be a Vassar girl for see what a blossom she brings :

MAY SONG.

When the purple, perfume-laden
Violets blow,
And the damp, sweet earth lies placid,
Soft and low,
Breathe the faint May breezes, freshening
All the air,
Driving mist and shine asunder
Everywhere.
Then the soul for quiet longeth,
Peace and rest,
But the eager Heart cries ever
"Love is best !"
When the bloodroot's stems betoken
Bitter woe,
When the purple, perfume-laden
Violets blow.

—*Vassar Miscellany.*

To judge from the following there is still a certain amount of southern chivalry left in the Old Dominion. They make heroes down there and you will find the "gentleman of the old school" a perennial thing there :

VIRGINIA.

She sits in silence while the world is loud
 With selling and with buying, and the throng
 Press by her and around with sob or song,
 A never ceasing, gusty tempered crowd,
 They cannot pity, for her mein is proud
 As on her bridal morning, and the wrong
 That shook the crimson cloud has left her strong,
 A heart unbroken, and a head unbowed.

She cares not for their passing. Idle words
 Bring no harsh echo to the dream she craves.
 Naught reckons she of wealth in flocks and herds,
 Or the gay bunting on a thousand waves,
 Her heart is vocal with the songs of birds
 Round the green jewel of her children's graves.

—*Virginia Univ. Magazine.*

Here is something very pretty from the Berkshire hills. It's very strange he should have written so natural and spontaneous a thing in "Frenchified rondeau," as Prof. Beers calls it. But here it is :

RONDEAU TO SUMMER.

In happy fields I see thee stand,
 A wealth of roses in thy hand
 And wreath of laurel round thy head,
 Full merry spirits hast thou led
 To join the glad ecstatic band ;

From winter's rigour they have fled
 To taste the summer's joys instead,
 Who pours her blessing o'er the land
 In happy fields.

Exulting in thy loved command,
 By thy soft airs so sweetly fanned,
 Their bounding hearts to thee are wed,
 And June shall deck their bridal bed
 'Neath bowers by fragrant lilacs spanned
 In happy fields.

—*Williams Lit.*



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THE POLITE CONVICT.

He paused on the verge of the window sill
 Ere he made his daring break,
 And he said to the jailer he had gagged and bound,
 "Pardon the freedom I take."

Each mobber now pulls on the noose—
 A thing to comfort very baneful ;—
 And now they string him up. "Let loose,"
 He says, "For this suspense is painful."

—F. C. H., Jr.

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On his stone was a motto unkind,
"Requiescat in Pace,"—for sad to relate,
A few pieces were all they could find.

—*Trinity Tablet.*

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A man who has a lay out
The best that can be found,
And still runs every subject
He takes up in the ground.

I called upon the gods above,
Bear witness to my ardent flame,
But they were hostile to my love ;
Instead, her irate papa came.

" You are much altered, I perceive,"
He to a Chicago woman said.
" You are correct," responded she,
" For I have seven times been wed ! "

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 To teach beginners, ought
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—*Trinity Tablet.*

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The lover to his mistress' window came
When the moon was shining bright,
And sang, "My lady sleep!" and thus
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The villain came upon the stage,
Z-z-z *hist*! he said in accents bold.
The audience thereupon, at once
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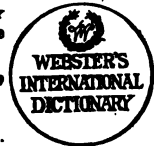
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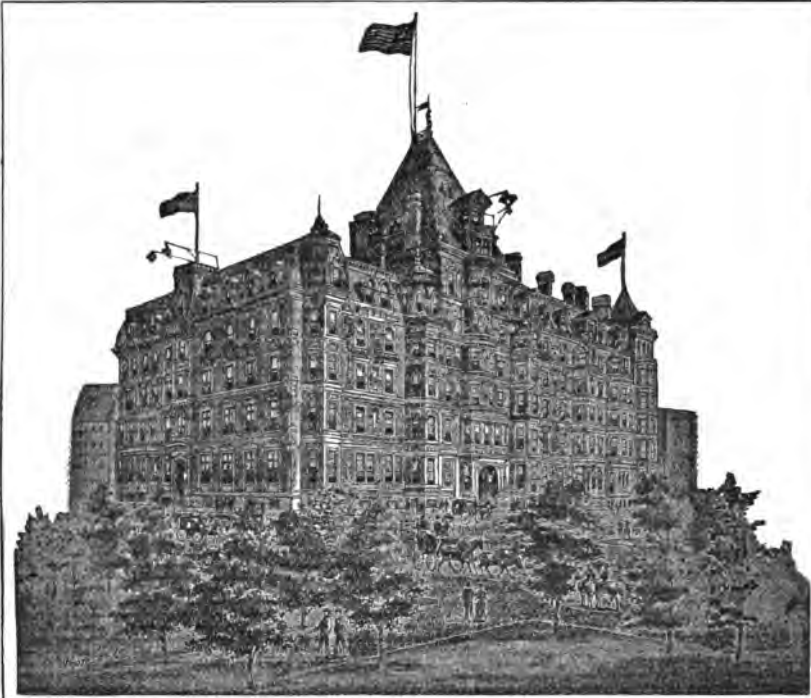
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